Honolulu, where I anticipate a devil of an awakening. It will be from a mighty pleasant dream at least: Tautira being mere Heaven. . . .

" Do tell Henley I write this just after having dismissed Ori, the sub-chief, in whose house I live, Mrs. Ori, and Pairai, their adopted child, from the evening hour of music : during which I publickly (with a k) Blow on the Flageolet. These are words in truth. . . . Ori is exactly like a colonel in the Guards. . . ."

Or again, here is part of the proposed dedication to a South Sea travel book :

" One 'November night, in the village of Tautira, we sat at the high table in the hall of assembly, hearing the natives sing. It was dark in the hill and very warm ; though at times the land wind blew a little shrewdly through the chinks, and at times, through the larger openings,

we could see the moonlight on the lawn. As the songs arose in the rattling Tahitian chorus, the chief translated here and there a verse. You are to conceive us, therefore, in strange circumstances